



APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

Dennis The MENACE

No. 18

Special Award Winner

"The Best Comic Magazine of 1954 for its wholesome interest and entertainment value."

Boys' Clubs of America -
Herbert Hoover, chairman of the board



Handwritten signature of the artist, likely Jack Kirby.

Dennis THE MENACE



"WOW! YOU'RE A BUNCH OF BOYS! TAKE THEM TO THE BOSS!"



"WOW! DON'T EVER TRY TO LASH A BOY!"



"LOOK, DAD! I CAUGHT A BADGE!"



"OH, YEAH? WELL, AN OWNS TO HAVE A GOOD HOME!"

CITY PARK



BOY! They expect a record number of cars on the road this week-end. I'm glad *HERE* isn't driving anywhere!

I WANNA GO!



Go where?

I dunno! YOU'RE THE DRIVER!



LOOK FOR THIS SEAL WHEN YOU BUY A COMIC MAGAZINE. IT GUARANTEES QUALITY AND WHOLESOME ENTERTAINMENT.

Nope. No driving
this week-end. How
about a nice quiet
day in the park?

YEAH!
Let's have a
PICNIC!

That
sounds
relaxing.
I'll fix a
lunch!



♪ WHILE STROLLING IN THE PARK ♪
ONE DAY... ♪ IN THE MERRY
♪ MERRY MONTH OF MAY... ♪

LET'S GET
THE AGO TODAY!



White or whole wheat?

Both!

...an' ketchup
'n pickles 'n
hot-dogs
'n....



I guess that's
everything!

Yep!
Let's go!

C'MON,
BOY! we're
goin' on a
PICNIC!



WOW!
LOOK AT
THAT
TRAFFIC!

It'll be nice
to get away from
it for a
change!

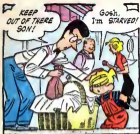
HEEE,
BOY!

How about some
nice fresh peaches?

Good
IDEA!

An' a
banana
for Ruff!





KEEP OUT OF THERE SON!

Gosh. I'm STARVED!



We've got some nice fresh corn. Ma'am!

Not today. -thanks!



Getting tired, dear?

WHEW! I guess I'm not in very good shape!

You're a funny shape, Dad!



Any particular spot, Henry?

Yeah.. the NEAREST one!

Here's a good place, Dad!



Shove over, huh? We're havin' a picnic here!

HERE?

COME HERE, DENNIS!

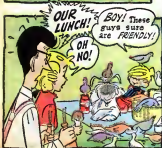
NOW?



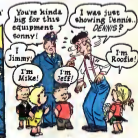
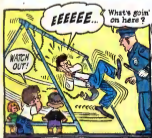
WHAA? A WATERMELON! No wonder it was so HEAVY!

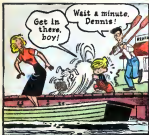
Did YOU get that at the fruit stand?

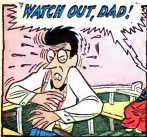
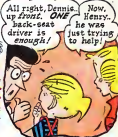
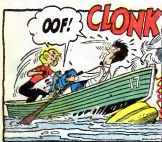
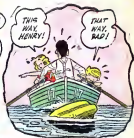
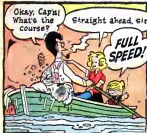
SURE! But you guys can have some, too!





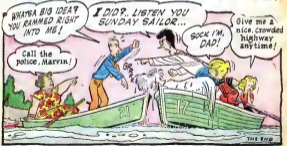


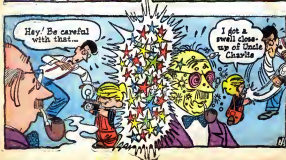
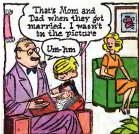


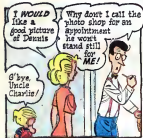
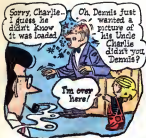




Oh, go jump in the lake!

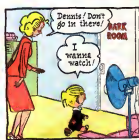


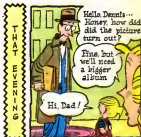
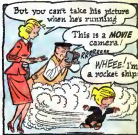
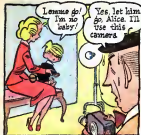














JIMMY DOYLE was playing on the lawn when he spotted the three cars coming along the highway down below. He watched them, because he knew his folks were anxious for people to turn off at their sign, **DOYLE'S MOTEL**, and come up the hill to stay with them. Jimmy liked people to stay with them, because he could ask them where they'd been, and what they'd seen and where they were going. Jimmy asked questions all the time.

The first car turned in, then the next, then the third one! Three cars full of people were coming to stay with them. Jimmy ran excitedly to the door of their kitchen and called, "Hey, Mom! Dad! Guests, lots of 'em!"

His mother came out and looked down the hill, wiping her hands on her apron. "You mean guests, Jimmy," she said as she walked. "Don't get so excited."

As his father came out, too, Jimmy pointed. "Look, they're all men wearing helmets! Are they soldiers, Dad? Are they?"

"No, Jimmy," his father said. "They're construction workers." His father looked at his mother grimly. "And to think that they're going to stay here, a place they're going to ruin with their project!"

By then, the men were piling out of their cars, big men in rough clothes, wearing shiny aluminum safety helmets, and Jimmy's father turned away to the motel office without answering him.

"What's a project, huh, Mom?" Jimmy asked. But his mother said, "Please, Jimmy, I'm busy. I have to check all the rooms for our guests."

Jimmy looked after her, puzzled. This was the first time his mother or father hadn't even tried to answer his questions. They always told him that's how he learned and looked up the answers in books if they didn't know them and said that sometimes they learned things, too, in

this way. Something was wrong with them and Jimmy didn't know what it was.

That night, he heard the construction men laughing and talking quietly together in their rooms. He knew "construction" meant building something, but how could that ruin their motel? He heard his parents talking, too, in their room next to his and they sounded worried. He fell asleep full of unanswered questions and woke up only when the construction workers' cars started up and headed down the hill to the highway.

At breakfast, he thought of several questions, like "Why is milk white?" and "What makes bacon curly?" but his father and mother were so quiet that he didn't talk, either.

"Well, I'd better start fixing that roof," his father said finally and started to leave.

"Let me help, huh, Dad?" Jimmy said eagerly. "I can climb up the ladder and hand you things when you need 'em!"

"And ask a lot of questions?" his father said. "No, thanks, not today, son." And he went out the door alone.

"Gee, what's the matter, Mom?" Jimmy asked. "Are you and Dad mad at me?"

"No, Jimmy," she said. It's just that we have the new State project on our minds." She looked at him and smiled as she saw the question coming. "What's a project?"

"The construction men are starting on a project which just means a piece of work, up the valley. You know where the big bridge is, over the river?" Jimmy nodded eagerly. "Well, they're going to build a dam there and put up big banks of dirt and change the course of the river so that it flows down the valley, right past our place here."

"Right outside?" Jimmy said excitedly. "Boy, that'll be swell! Then we can go swimming right in our own front yard, huh!"

"Yes, Jimmy, and that's the trouble. The river will cover the highway down there. They'll build another highway away behind us. So nobody will come to stay here any more."

"Gosh!" Jimmy understood that his parents charged people money to stay there and that's how they made their living. But if the highway was covered and the new road was far away... "They just can't, Mom!" he said angrily. "It's not fair!"

"We don't think so," his mother said, "but it's a law now. The new river will be good for the water supply around here and the State will pay us for any of the land that the river covers. But as for our motel, they say we can just sell out and move. You know how much work your father and I have put into this place. No one could ever pay us for that."

Jimmy knew, all right. He remembered when they first came here. It had just been a little house and his father had started adding rooms on it, doing most of the work himself. That had been fun! Jimmy helped and his mother, too. His mother kept the place nice and clean and made all the beds when guests were there. And now the river was going to keep all the cars away. No wonder his mother and father felt bad!

Jimmy went out to watch his father work on the roof and found him just sitting outside looking down the hill to their sign on the highway. Jimmy sat beside him and looked, too. Pretty soon the river would be down there, covering their sign. No, Jimmy guessed, they'd get the sign before the river came along and drowned it. It sure was a pretty sign, too. Jimmy could see all the letters from here: DOYLE'S MOTEL. He couldn't read very good yet, but his father told him what the sign said. Except...

"What does 'motel' mean, Dad?" he asked. "You never told me that."

"It doesn't mean much of anything to us, any more," his father said quietly. Then he looked down at Jimmy and smiled. "Oh, well, so we making you feel bad, too. 'Motel' means—well, you know in the cities they have hotels. Well, on the highway they have these hotels for motorists, see? Motorists, hotels, motels. They sort of combined the words."

"Yeah!" Jimmy said. "And the people who travel in airplanes stop at airtels, huh? And when they travel in trains they stop at traintels!"

"Now you're being silly!" his father said. "And I've got work to do." He started to walk away, and Jimmy didn't want him to go. He

didn't want him to look worried again and stop talking to him. Jimmy tagged along behind him.

"That's what they have, motels and airtels and traintels! And, and when people travel in boats, then they stop in boatels, huh, Dad? That's almost like motels, isn't it, huh, Dad?"

"Please, Jimmy, I'm..." Then his father stopped. "What was that?" he demanded. "What was that word?"

"I—uh just said boatels," Jimmy stammered. "When people travel in boats, they could stop at them, couldn't they?" He was a little worried, because his father was looking at him in such a funny way.

Then he was surprised, because his father burst out laughing harder than he had since the construction men had come. "Martha!" he called. "Come here!" And when his mother came running up, his father began talking, and she got all excited.

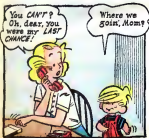
"With the river, there are going to be lots of pleasure boats," he said. "Fishing boats, sailboats, cruisers! We can put out a wharf and they can stop here for meals, refreshments, or overnight. We'll run a boatel, as Jimmy calls it, and the river will be our highway! That's the answer!"

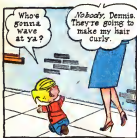
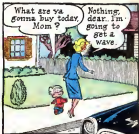
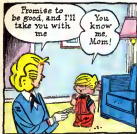
"And I asked the question, didn't I, Dad?" Jimmy said proudly.

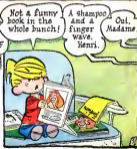
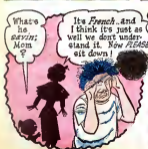
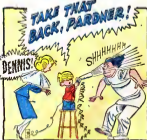
"You sure did," his father laughed. "The biggest question we've ever had! Now, come along, and we'll see where we're going to put the wharf."

"What's a wharf? Why do they call it that? What..." Jimmy loved to ask questions, and he knew that from now on he could ask all he wanted, and have them all answered.











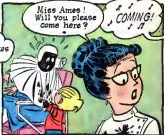
This is beauty clay,
it makes people pretty.
Now please....

It does?
It just makes
my Mom
MAD!



Miss Ames!
Will you please
come here?

COMING!



I'll take
care of
you, sonny.

**I CAN TAKE
CARE OF
MYSELF!**



Thank
you,
Henri.

I hope
Dennis
has
settled
down!



Where's
my
little
boy?

Over there
Mrs.
Mitchell!



Hi,
Mom!

We was
playin' hide
'n' seek...an'
she never
did find
me!



Your hair's
real pretty,
Mom!

Even
the
new
GRAY
ones?



END.

SCREAMY Mimi

Mama, can I
have some money
for firecrackers?
Huh? *Awawaw*
Huh?

No, Mimi ... **NO**
firecrackers!



It's against the law to have
firecrackers in town... and
besides, they're dangerous!

*AW
AWAW!*



As if it
weren't
noisy
enough
around
here with
Mimi!



BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG



MIMI! Where did you
get those **FIRECRACKERS?**

That wasn't firecrackers,
Mama! That was **ME!**



Here, I'll give you some money

For Cap pencils? An' spazzlers??

OBOY!

YIPPEEE!



No...for a quart of milk. Now, SCOOT!

SHUCKS!

Gee, wha?!



Old people sure don't like noses, do they?

They sure don't! (guess their cars are tired!)



Gee! Isn't that policeman *EVER* gonna blow his whistle so's we can cross?

I guess he can't see us! Hold your ears kids...



TWEEEEEEET!



H.L. Masher Policeman!

HUH? WHO BLEW THAT WHISTLE BLAST?





HEY! Lookit that man playin' down'n robbers!

He's pretty old for playin' games!



Can we play too, please? Puh?

We'll all be cops an' chase ya!



BEAT IT, you kids. I'm BUSY!

Can't scare US!

O'wand! You're foolish!



He's just being silly?

Here's the milk over here, Mimi!

Yeah!



All right, Bud... hand over the cash!

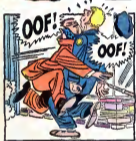
He wasn't foolish! He's a REAL robber!

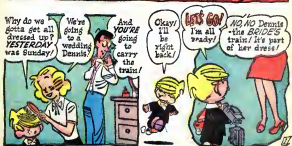


Get smart, Bud! Ya don't want any fireworks do ya!

Fireworks? HEY!

**BANG
BANG
BANG**









...Pronounce you man and wife...

Now you help her back up the aisle with her dress

Why'd she have to get such a long one?



Gee, does this mean **WE'RE** married too?

I thought they **NOT!**



HEY! IT'S A FIGHT!



Aw, ya spoiled my pitch!

DENNIS!

Whew! I'm glad that's over!

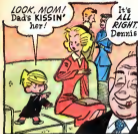
Yeah! Now we can go home an' put on our old clothes!



No--we're going to the reception now. That's a party for the bride and groom!

It's their **Birth**day, huh!





LOOK, MOM!
Dad's **KISSIN'**
her!

It's **ALL
RIGHT,**
Dennis



WOW! This
is a **GOOD**
birthday!
Where's my
piece?

As soon as
we cut it,
dear!



Here you
are!

It must be awful
tough if it takes
TWO to cut it!
I'll take these!



Boy! **YOU**
taste
good!

**DENNIS!
COME
HERE
PLEASE!**

**CRUMP
CRUMP**



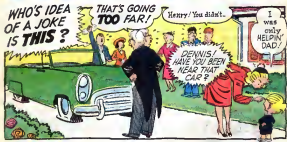
I'll take him outside
a minute

I wanna stay
and play
games



We're gonna
fool 'em son!
We'll put pebbles
in the hubcaps
and it'll make
an awful
racket when
they take
off!

YEAR!
I'll
hav'ta
try it
on
OUR
car!



Pines Publications Inc. proudly acknowledges the Special Award of the Boys' Clubs of America to DENNIS THE MENACE as "the best comic magazine of 1956 for its wholesome interest and entertainment value."

This Special Award was presented by the Boys' Clubs of America on the occasion of its Golden Anniversary. The Boys' Clubs of America is one of the largest, most respected organizations of boys in the world. Its Chairman of the Board is Herbert Hoover, former President of the United States.

We at PINES PUBLICATIONS INC. are proud and honored to receive this Special Award. We are sincerely dedicated to maintaining the wholesome interest and entertainment value of DENNIS THE MENACE for the millions of youngsters (and adults, too) who enjoy reading it.



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